https://comment-fic.livejournal.com/192315.html?thread=41371707#t41371707

Supernatural; Crowley (+ or /) Bobby, Dean (+ or /) Castiel, Sam; When Castiel shows up with the Heavenly equivalent of a Hell Hound for Dean (gift, case, whatever), Crowley immediately takes offense.

Author's notes: Actually, this is more Crowley helps Castiel pick out the right pup, but yeah. :D

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"That will *not* do, Castiel, that's not even the right kind for Dean!"

Castiel gives Crowley an exasperated look and puts the puppy back. "I am selecting one for Dean. What do you recommend?"

"For him? Definitely one from Edith's litter. C'mere, they're awake by now." Crowley tugs Castiel away from the stock Hellhound pups that Hell always has on sale, and brings him to his finest Hellhound bitch - Edith has won more award shows in Hell than Crowley wants to count, and she doesn't eat her mates in the romantic process. If Castiel is getting a pup, he is getting one of *quality*.

Castiel crouches by the little litter and examines the four pups. One with big black eyes licks his nose immediately.

Castiel picks him up, and knows immediately that this is the pup for Dean.

"Will this do, Dean?" Castiel says, holding out a squirming puppy. At least, Dean thinks it's a puppy, judging from outline-made-of-fire.

"Um. I think so." Dean says. "..er. Will it burn if I take it?"

"No, it will not. The fire is so that you may see him." Cas assures him, and soon Dean is holding a squirming puppy against his chest and he's fire-free.

Dean hates Hellhounds, but puppies? Okay. He might be able to like them. Especially after a tongue made of fire licks his nose.

(Dean's always wanted a puppy.)

Cas looks expectant, and Dean clears his throat. "Er, thanks, Cas."

Cas smiles. "You are welcome, Dean. Happy Birthday."